

THE  
Mourning Muse  
OF  
ALEXIS.  
A  
PASTORAL.  
Lamenting the Death of our late Gracious  
QUEEN MARY  
Of ever Blessed Memory.

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By Mr. CONGREVE.

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*Infandum Regina Jubes renovare dolorem ! Virg.*

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*The second Edition.*

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THE  
Mourning Muse  
OF  
ALEXIS.  
A  
PASTORAL.

ALEXIS and MENALCAS.

*Men.* Behold, *Alexis*, see this Gloomy Shade,  
Which seems alone for Sorrow's Shelters made,  
Where, the glad Beams of Light can never play,  
But Night succeeding Night, excludes the Day,  
Where, never Birds with Harmony repair,  
And lightsom Notes, to cheer the Dusky Air,  
To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,  
By Morning Lark, or Evening *Phidomel*.

No Violet here, nor Daisie e're was seen,  
 No sweetly budding Flower, nor springing Green :  
 For fragrant Myrtle, and the blushing Rose,  
 Here, baleful Yew with deadly Cypress grows.  
 Here then, extended on this wither'd Moss,  
 We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of *ALBION*'s Loss ;  
 Of *ALBION*'s Loss, and of *PASTORA*'s Death,  
 Begin thy mournful Song, and raise thy tuneful Breath.

*Alex.* Ah Woe too great ! Ah Theme, which far exceeds  
 The lowly Lays of humble Shepherds Reeds !

*1680.2A.4.*

O could I sing in Verse of equal Strain,  
 With the *Sicilian* Bard, or *Mantuan* Swain ;  
 In melting Words, and moving Numbers chuse,  
 Sweet as the British *Colins* mourning Muse ;  
 Could I, like him, in tuneful Grief excel,  
 And mourn like *Stella* for her *Astrophel* ;  
 Then might I raise my Voice, (secure of Skill,)  
 And with melodious Woe, the Valleys fill ;  
 The list'ning *Echo* on my Song should wait,  
 And hollow Rocks *PASTORA*'s Name repeat ;  
 Each whistling Wind, and murmuring Stream should tell  
 How Lov'd she liv'd, and how Lamented fell.

*Men.* Wert thou with ev'ry Bay and Lawrel crown'd,  
 And high as *Pan* himself in Song renown'd,  
 Yet wou'd not all thy Art avail to show  
 Verse worthy of her Name, or of our Woe:  
 But such true Passion, in thy Face appears,  
 In thy pale Lips, thick Sighs, and gushing Tears,  
 Such tender Sorrow in thy Heart I read,  
 As shall supply thy Skill, if not exceed.  
 Then leave this common Form of dumb Distress,  
 Each vulgar Grief, can Sighs and Tears express;  
 In sweet complaining Notes, thy Passion vent,  
 And not in Sighs, but Words explaining Sighs, lament.

*Alex.* Wild be my Thoughts, *Menalcas*, wild my Words,  
 Artless as Nature's Notes, in untaught Birds;  
 Boundless my Verse, and roving be my Strains,  
 Various as Flow'rs on unfrequented Plains.  
 And thou *Thalia*, Darling of my Breast,  
 By whom inspired, I sung at *Comus* Feast;  
 While in a Ring, the Jolly Rural Throng  
 Have sate and smil'd to hear my cheerful Song:  
 Begon, with all thy Mirth and sprightly Lays,  
 My Pipe, no longer now thy Pow'r obeys;  
 Learn to lament, my Muse, to weep, and mourn,  
 Thy springing Lawrels, all to Cypres turn;

Wound with thy dismal Cries, the Tender Air,  
 And beat thy Snowy Breast, and rend thy yellow Hair ;  
 Far hence, in utmost Wilds thy dwelling chuse,  
 Begon *Thalia*, Sorrow is my Muse.

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,*  
*And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

No more, these Woods shall with her Sight be bless'd,  
 Nor with her Feet, these Flow'ry Plains be pres'd ;  
 No more, the Winds shall with her Treffes play,  
 And from her Balm'ry Breath, steal Sweets away ;  
 No more, these Rivers chearfully shall pass,  
 Pleas'd to reflect the Beauties of her Face ;  
 While on their Banks, the wond'ring Flocks have stood,  
 Greedy of Sight, and negligent of Food.

No more, the Nymphs shall with soft Tales delight  
 Her Ears, no more with Dances please her Sight ;  
 Nor ever more shall Swain make Song of Mirth,  
 To bless the Joyous Day, that gave her Birth ;  
 Lost is that Day, which had from her its Light,  
 For ever lost with her, in endless Night ;  
 In endless Night, and Arms of Death she lies,  
 Death, in Eternal Shades has shut *PASTORA*'s Eyes.

Lament ye Nymphs, and mourn ye wretched Swains,  
 Stray all ye Flocks, and desart be ye Plains,  
 Sigh all ye Winds, and weep ye Crystal Flouds,  
 Fade all ye Flowers, and wither all ye Woods.

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,  
 And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

Within a Dismal Grott, which Damps surround,  
 All Cold she lies upon th' unwholsom Ground ;  
 The Marble weeps, and with a silent Pace,  
 Its trickling Tears distil upon her Face.  
 Falsly ye weep, ye Rocks, and falsly mourn !  
 For never, will you let the Nymph return !  
 With a feign'd Grief the faithless Tomb relents,  
 And like the *Crocodile* it's Prey laments.

O she was Heav'nly fair, in Face and Mind !  
 Never in Nature were such Beauties join'd :  
 Without, all shining ; and within, all white ;  
 Pure to the Sence, and pleasing to the Sight ;  
 Like some rare Flow'r, whose Leaves all Colours yield,  
 And opening, is with sweetest Odours fill'd.  
 As lofty Pines o'retop the lowly Reed,  
 So, did her graceful Height, all Nymphs exceed,  
 To which excelling Height, she bore a Mind  
 Humble, as Osiers bending to the Wind.

Thus

Thus excellent she was —

Ah wretched Fate ! She was, but is no more.

Help me ye Hills, and Valleys, to deplore.

*I mourn P A S T O R A dead, let A L B I O N mourn,  
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

From that blest Earth, on which her Body lies,

May blooming Flow'rs, with fragrant Sweets arise :

Let *Myrrha* weeping Aromatick Gum,

And ever-living Lawrel shade her Tomb.

Thither, let all th' industrious Bees repair,

Unlade their Thighs, and leave their Hony there ;

Thither, let *Fairies* with their Train resort,

Neglect their Revels, and their midnight sport,

There, in unusual wailings waste the Night,

And watch her, by the fiery glow-worms light.

There, may no dismal Yew, nor Cypres grow,

Nor Holly bush, nor bitter Elders bow ;

Let each unlucky Bird, far build his Nest,

And distant Dens receive each howling Beast ;

Let Wolves be gone, and Ravens put to flight,

With hooting Owls, and Batts that hate the light.

But let the sighing Doves, their Sorrows bring,

And Nightingales in sweet Complainings Sing ;

Let

Let Swans from their forsaken Rivers fly,  
 And Sick'ning at her Tomb, make haste to dye.  
 That they may help to Sing her Elegy.  
 Let *Echo* too, in Mimick Moan deplore,  
 And cry with me, *PASTORA* is no more!

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,*  
*And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

And see, the Heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,  
 And heavy Mists obscure the burd'ned Air;  
 A suddain damp, o're all the Plain is spread,  
 Each Lilly folds its Leaves, and hangs its Head.  
 On ev'ry Tree the Blossoms turn to Tears,  
 And ev'ry Bow, a weeping Moisture bears.  
 Their Wings, the Feather'd Airy People droop,  
 And Flocks beneath their dewy Fleeces stoop.

The Rocks are cleft; and new descending Rills,  
 Furrow the Brows of all th' impending Hills.  
 The water Gods, to Flouds their Riv'lets turn,  
 And each with streaming Eyes, supplies his wanting Urn.

The *Fawns* forsake the Woods, the *Nymphs* the Grove,  
 And round the Plain, in sad Distractions rove;  
 In prickly brakes, their Tender Limbs they tear,  
 And leave on Thorns, their Locks of Golden Hair.

With their sharp Nails, themselves the *Satyrs* wound,  
And tug their shaggy Beards, and bite with grief the ground.

Lo, *Pan* himself, beneath a blasted Oak  
Dejected lies, his Pipe in pieces broke.  
See *Pales* weeping too, in wild despair,  
And to the piercing Winds her Bosome bare.

And see yond fading Myrtle, where appears  
The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing Tears,  
See how she wrings her Hands, and beats her Breast !  
And tears her useless *Girdle* from her waste :  
Hear the sad Murmurs, of her sighing Doves,  
For Grief they sigh, forgetful of their Loves.

Lo, *Love* himself, with heavy Woes opprest !  
See, how his Sorrows swell his tender Breast ;  
His Bow he breaks, and wide his Arrows flings,  
And folds his little Arms, and hangs his drooping Wings ;  
Then, lays his Limbs upon the dying Grafs,  
And all with Tears, bedews his Beauteous Face,  
With Tears, which from his folded Lids arise,  
And even *Love* himself, has weeping Eyes.  
All Nature Mourns ; the Flouds and Rocks deplore,  
And cry with me, *P A S T O R A* is no more !

*I mourn*

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,  
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

The Rocks can Melt, and Air in Mists can Mourn,  
And Flouds can weep, and Winds to Sighs can turn ;  
The Birds, in Songs their Sorrows can disclose,  
And Nymphs and Swains, in Words can tell their Woes.  
But oh ! behold that deep and wild Despair,  
Which neither Winds can show, nor Flouds, nor Air.

See the Great *Shepherd*, Chief of all the Swains,  
Lord of these Woods, and wide extended Plains,  
Stretch'd on the Ground, and close to Earth his Face,  
Scalding with Tears, th' already faded Graft ;  
To the cold Clay, he joyns his throbbing Breast,  
No more, within *P A S T O R A*'s Arms to rest !  
No more ! For those once soft and circling Arms,  
Themselves are Clay, and cold are all her Charms.  
Cold are those Lips, which he no more must Kiss,  
And cold that Bosome, once, all downy Bliss ;  
On whose soft Pillows, lull'd in sweet Delights,  
He us'd in Balmy Sleep, to lose the Nights.

Ah ! Where is all that Love and Fondness fled ?  
Ah ! Where is all that Tender Sweetness laid ?

To Dust must all that Heav'n of Beauty come !  
 And must *PASTORA* moulder in the Tomb !  
 Ah Death ! more fierce, and unrelenting far,  
 Than wildest Wolves or savage Tygers are ;  
 With Lambs and Sheep, their Hungers are appeas'd,  
 But rayenous Death, the Shepherdess has seiz'd.

*I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,  
 And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.*

“ But see, *Menalcas*, where a sudden Light,  
 “ With Wonder stops my Song, and strikes my Sight !  
 “ And where *PASTORA* lies, it spreads around,  
 “ Shewing all Radiant Bright, the Sacred Ground.  
 “ While from her Tomb, behold a Flame ascends  
 “ Of whitest Fire, whose Flight to Heav'n extends !  
 “ On flaky Wings it mounts, and quick as Sight  
 “ Cuts thro' the yielding Air, with Rays of Light ;  
 “ Till the Blew Firmament at last it gains,  
 “ And fixing there, a Glorious Star remains :  
*Fairest it seems of all that light the Skies,*  
*As once on Earth were seen PASTORA's Eyes.*

F I N I S.

